



## THE SOCIAL CORNER

A LITTLE NEGLECT MAY BREED GREAT MISCHIEF

### EVERY WOMAN'S OPINION.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters, good help letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper. Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$250 to first; \$150 to second; \$100 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

### SOCIAL CORNER POEM.

Heart's Desire.

There's a land with sunlight on its rivers.

There's a realm with silver on its shores.

In every scented, fragrant wind there

The chanting of Love's elfin melody;

And in the gardens where her roses

Are swinging

From every bud in tender, green attire.

Her soft, sweet voice is never weary,

Singing

Victims of heart's desire.

Moving amid green leaves she sits

Alone,

With eyes wherein eternity doth

Repose.

And all the fairy visions men have

Known,

All hopes, they hold, all visions that

Men keep.

She weaves with magic fingers silently,

Conjuring joy from out the depths of

Her pain.

As after ebb the great tides of the sea

Set to the shore again,

For her the world is great, and wide,

And free;

Her footsteps touch the meadows in

Flame.

All love and beauty, death and mystery

Are hushed in the naming of her name.

Wind after wind may hush her down

The world,

Spurred upon a word may hush her

And hush.

At last her crimson banners are un-

furled.

Beyond the last, dim star.

—Charles W. Kennedy, in *Ainslie's*.

### TO SOCIAL CORNER WRITERS.

Contributors to the Corner should

not conclude their letters are con-

signed to the waste basket if they do

not appear at once. The extra long

letters have to wait, and when we

have more letters on hand than we

have room for the other letters await

their turn.

The Social Corner story this week

is an exceptionally good one. It has

waited long for its turn but it has

not lost anything by the delay. We hope

"A Dreamer" will enter the short story

contest now on. For the present we

shall print a story in the Corner each

week.

We call attention to the letter of

"Nurse" in another column. She talks

with commendable interest and good

sense. We hope "Nurse" will con-

sider herself a regular member of the

Social Corner family.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POTLATCH.—When your winter

hours come, please write of your

trip to Vashon Island. Descriptive

letters from the far west are always

entertaining to easterners.

TO OUR SHUT-INS.—Any who

would like to see the Bulletin, it has

been sent to them. We will be glad to

send them to you if you will send us

the address of the person to whom

you wish it sent.

A CONSTANT READER.—"If you

would like to see the Bulletin, it has

been sent to them. We will be glad to

send them to you if you will send us

the address of the person to whom

you wish it sent.

READY EAGER AND WILLING TO

SERVE TEA.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters:

I will take the gentle hint and

leave a space at the top of sheet. Have

not done so. I have always had so

much to say. I wanted all the paper.

Like Jane, when I get to the bottom

of the sheet, I think it time to

quit, and by that time I can think of

more to write.

The ending of that little poem

(Life's Mission) "Give to the world the

best you have, and the best will return

to you." I have been thinking of this

in my ears ever since I read it. I

thought give the best of what I have

and do the best I can. I would like to

hear of anyone in sickness and dis-

ease. I always feel as if there were

dozens of me it could go and still re-

main at home and do the home work.

Here we can fill only one place at a

time. Home work seems to be picked

out for me to do, and with God's help

I am filling out an important place

for you. I hope you are as

done. Let me shake both hands to

you. You are the best. Thank you for

the reply to my letter. I know

there are tattlers in the Willamette

when I am in it, time flies as it

flies, and the hands of the clock

travel so fast I have to keep up.

Here it is different. Time goes slow-

ly. I have time for fancy work or

anything I may wish to take up.

There is plenty of music in Willamette

and I have time to listen to it.

Please come again.

Sisters Dolly and Elizabeth: When

spring comes, I shall be glad to

see you. I shall be glad to see you

and Jane. I shall be glad to see you

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called for an extravagance of eggs, let

me, perhaps he did not feel real

has dozens put down in the old reli-

table water glass method, when they

were only 18 and 20 cents a dozen,

thereby feeling free to use them plenty.

Guess Who? I am glad to welcome

you to the Corner and as I guess who

will say you are about as far from the

postoffice as I am.

Silence, please. Thanks for telling your

initials. I had guessed them for ago.

Dolly: I think you have woman's

occupation down pat. The only too true

that man's work is from sun to sun,

but woman's work is never done.

Elizabeth: I see you invited Papa's

Boy to play dinch. Now I have learned

to play it and would like to join your

parties.

Dear Sisters in Colchester: We want

to read more of your letters.

Lois: I am glad to hear you are

loving of Lebanon. Where are you?

Please send along some Christmas

suggestions.

Good bye.

CHERISSETTE.

Leonard Bridge.

CLOVER BLOSSOM'S FUDGE.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social

Corner: I have read the letters from

the Sisters with much interest and now

to those who have thought must be

acquainted with many of you.

Dear Leonard: I tried your recipe

for fudge. I found it very good, but

though I varied it in this way: Instead

of using sour milk, I used sour cream

and omitted the tablespoon of butter.

Can any of the Sisters tell me where

to find the links:

"Our days are like the shadows

On sunny hills that lie."

They have been in my thoughts so

many times the past year. I have

been thinking of you and your

passing through and still be happy</